Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde be perst, Which is the one? (head,

Clo. Marrie M. Schole maister, he that is likliest to a hoggs-

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

Iaque. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Holo. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine*:

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne; to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed
Studie his bya's leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffise.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All-ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thūder
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the elegancie,

gancie facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most bewtious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgine thy dewtie, adue.

Mayd. Good *Costard* go with me: sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where if (before repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beseech your societie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happines of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.